

And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
Thinke therefore on reuenge, and cease to weepe.
But who can cease to weepe, and looke on this.
Heere may his head lye on my throbbing brest:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buc. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebels
Supplication?

King. He send some holy Bishop to intreat:
For God forbid, so many simple soules
Should perish by the sword. And I my selfe,
Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,
Will parley with *Iacke Cade* their Generall.
But stay, He read it ouer once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this louely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Plannet ouer me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were vnworthy to behold the same.

King. Lord *Say*, *Iacke Cade* hath sworne to haue thy
head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall haue his.
King. How now Madam?

Still lamenting and mourning for *Suffolkes* death?
I feare me (*Loue*) if that I had bene dead,
Thou wouldest not haue mourn'd so much for me.

Qu. No my *Loue*, I should not mourne, but dye for
thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'st thou in
such haste?

Mess. The Rebels are in Southwarke: Fly my Lord:
Iacke Cade proclaimes himselfe Lord *Mortimer*,

Descended from the Duke of *Clarence* house,
And calles your Grace *Vsurper*, openly,
And vowes to Crowne himselfe in Westminster.
His Army is a ragged multitude

Of *Hindes* and *Pezants*, rude and mercilesse:
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brothers death,

Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,

They call false *Catterpillers*, and intend their death.
King. Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to *Killingworth*,
Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of *Suffolke* now aliue,
These *Kentish* Rebels would be soone appeas'd.

King. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with vs to *Killingworth*.

Say. So might your Graces person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:

And therefore in this City will I stay,
And liue alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. *Iacke Cade* hath gotten London-bridge.
The Citizens flye and forsake their houses:

The *Rascall* people, thirsting after prey,
Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioyndly sweare

To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.
Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.

King. Come *Margaret*, God our hope will succor vs.
Qu. My hope is gone, now *Suffolke* is deceast.

King. Farewell my Lord, trust not the *Kentish* Rebels
Buc. Trust no body for feare you betraid.

Say. The trust I haue, is in mine innocence,

And therefore am I bold and resolute.

*Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enters
two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. How now? Is *Iacke Cade* slaine?

1. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:
For they haue wonne the Bridge,

Killing all those that withstand them:
The *L. Maior* craues ayd of your Honor from the Tower

To defend the City from the Rebels.
Scales. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,

But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,
The Rebels haue assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to *Smithfield*, and gather head,
And thither I will send you *Mathew Goffe*.

Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Lives,
And so farwell, for I must hence againe.

*Enter Iacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his
staffe on London stone.*

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And heere sitting vpon London Stone,

I charge and command, that of the Cities cost
The pissing Conduit run nothing but *Clarret Wine*

This first yeare of our raigne.
And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any,

That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. *Iacke Cade*, *Iacke Cade*.

Cade. Knocke him downe there.

But. If this Fellow be wise, hee'l neuer call yee *Iacke*

Cade more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together
in *Smithfield*.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But first, go and set London Bridge on fire,

And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away.

Enter omnes.

Alarums. *Mathew Goffe* is slaine, and all the rest.

Then enter Iacke Cade, with his Company.

Cade. So fix: now go some and pull down the Sauoy:
Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.

Ent. I haue a suite vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt haue it for that
word.

But. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out
of your mouth.

John. Masse 'twill be fore Law then, for he was thrust
in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay *John*, it will be stinking Law, for his breath
stinks with eating roasted cheefe.

Cade. I haue thought vpon it, it shall bee so. Away,
burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be
the Parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to haue biting Statutes
Vnlesse his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall bee in Com-
mon.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say*,

which sold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay
one and twenty Fiftences, and one shilling to the pound,

the last Subsidie.

Enter

Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times:
Ah thou *Say*, thou *Surge*, nay thou *Buckram* Lord, now

art thou within point-blanke of our Iurisdiction Regall.
What canst thou answer to my Maiesty, for giuing vp of

Normandie vnto Mounseur *Basmech*, the *Dolphine* of
France? Be it knowne vnto thee by these presence, euen

the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the *Beefsome*
that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou

art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of
the Realme, inuering a Grammar Schoole: and where-

as before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the
Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd,

and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou
hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be proued to thy Face,

that thou hast men about thee, that vsually talke of a
Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable wordes, as

no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed
Iustices of Peace, to call poore men before them, a-

bout matters they were not able to answer. Moreouer,
thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not

reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for
that cause they haue bene most worthy to liue. Thou

dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare
a Cloake, when honest men then thou go in their Hose

and Doublets.

Dicke. And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for ex-
ample, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dic. What say you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks *La-*
tine.

Say. Heare me but speake, and beare mee wher'e you
will:

Kent, in the Commentaries *Cesar* writ,
Is seem'd the ciuel'st place of all this Isle:

Sweet is the Countrey, because full of Riches,
The People Liberall, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,

Which makes me hope you are not void of pittie.
I sold not *Maine*, I lost not *Normandie*,

Yet to recover them would loose my life:
Iustice with fauour haue I alwayes done,

Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.
When haue I ought exacted at your hands?

Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
Large gifts haue I bestow'd on learned Clerkes,

Because my Booke prefer'd me to the King.
And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen,
Vnlesse you be posselt with diuellish spirits,

You cannot but forbear to murder me:
This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings

For your behoofe.

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men haue reaching handstoof haue I struck
those that I neuer saw, and stricke them dead.

Geo. O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde
Folkes?

Say. These cheekes are pale for watching for your good

Cade. Giue him a box o'th' eare, and that will make 'em
red againe.

Enter

Say. Long sitting to det

Hath made me full of sickne

Cade. Ye shall haue a her

of hatchet.

Dicke. Why dost thou q

Say. The Palsie, and not

Cade. Nay, he noddas at

euen with you. He see if his

a pole, or no: Take him awa

Say. Tell me: wherein ha

Haue I affected wealth, or h

Are my Chefts fill'd vp with

Is my Appatrell sumptuous

Whom haue I iniur'd, that y

These hands are free from gu

This breast from harbouring

O let me liue.

Cade. I feele remorse in m

He bridle it: he shall dye, a

well for his life. Away with

der his Tongue, he speaks n

him away I say, and strike of

breake into his Sonne in Law

and strike off his head, and

poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Countreimen: If

God should be so obdurate

How would it fare with you

And therefore yet relent, an

Cade. Away with him,

proudest Peere in the Realm

his shoulders, vnlesse he pay

a maid be married, but the f

head ere they haue it: Men

And we charge and comman

as heart can wish, or tongue

Dicke. My Lord,

When shall we go to Cheap

ties vpon our billes?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O braue.

Enter one w

Cade. But is not this brau

Let them kisse one another

When they were aliue. No

Least they consult about the

Of some more Townes in Fr

Deferre the spoile of the Cit

For with these borne before

Will we ride through the st

Haue them kisse. Away.

Alarums, and Retreat

and all br

Cade. Vp *Eish-streete*, d

kill and knocke downe, thr

Sound

What noise is this I heare?

Dare any be so bold to foun

When I command them kil